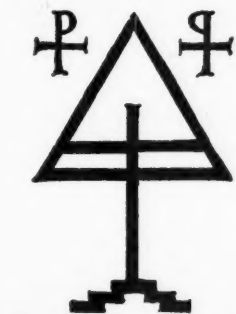


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THE FIELD AFAR



A NEWLY-CONSECRATED FILIPINO PRELATE.

(Can you name Bishop Sancho's two American confrères?)

VOL. XI. No. 11 ✕ NOVEMBER, 1917 ✕ PRICE 10 CENTS



St. Teresa's
—where
the Teresians
of
Maryknoll
live.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and eleven auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

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Number Eleven

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Twelve Issues Yearly

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the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.

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forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

IT is a widespread Catholic prac-
tice to pray not only for those
departed souls near and dear to
us, but also for the most aban-
doned in Purgatory, who have no
pleaders left on earth.

Love for the heathen is simply
the application of the same broad
and Christlike spirit towards the
most abandoned on earth, who
have none to help them Heaven-
ward.

The rescuing of souls from
Purgatory and of heathen souls
on earth are kindred works to the
hearts that want the living and
the dead to be all Christ's. "Illumine those who sit in darkness
and in the shadow of death"
should be the echo of the frequent
aspiration, "Eternal rest grant
unto them, O Lord, and may per-
petual light shine upon them."

Every soul that reaches Heaven
through our prayers, whether
from the pains of punishment or
from the darkness of the heathen
night, will be our advocate on the
last dread day.

* *

A LITTLE missionary, not five
years old, who has set aside
half of her pretty dresses for the
Chinese babies she intends adopt-
ing, waxes impatient over their
delay, and writes (very wavily):

dear father

I am waiting for the

Chinse babies just two

love from

Christine.

It is in childhood that those
principles and interests which are

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later on to shape the very course
of our lives become deeply im-
planted in the mind and heart.
Since in the designs of Provi-
dence America is destined to a
large share in the work of spread-
ing the faith among His pagan
children, it is of the greatest con-
sequence that our own children
grow up with a familiar knowl-
edge of the foreign mission work
of the Church. Upon mothers,
priests, and teachers falls the duty
of arousing this interest.

Relative to "stimulating voca-
tions," Fr. Donovan, of the *West-
ern Watchman*, writes:

To talk of stimulating vocations by
inculcating self-sacrifice and zeal is to
blabber theory. The question is to find
in some movement the inspiration to
deeds of supernatural patriotism.
Then sacrifice and zeal will come with-
out direct effort. The Crusades fur-
nished such an inspiration to decaying
Christianity in the Middle Ages; later
the corporal works of mercy did as
much. But in this age and country the
mission spirit seems the peculiarly vital
motive of high and holy endeavor.
Where priests and sisters have fos-
tered this spirit among children,
vocations have multiplied in an un-
precedented manner..... We have in
mind a school in St. Louis where the
children contribute liberally to the

Holy Childhood Association, to bring the faith to the little ones afar off; during Lent they apply their spending money to baptismal offerings; they save enough stamps and tinfoil annually to pay the salary of a catechist; and what is more, they go to Communion in a body one Saturday a month for the conversion of the heathen, and individually almost every Saturday.

As Fr. Donovan remarks: "Such a life is the soil out of which vocations spring." For such a life cannot but bring both the deep realization that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive, and the inspiration to make this a guiding principle in the vocational quest for happiness.

Youth is generous, and under selfless impulse will strive for ideals noble and exacting, of which an older and more selfish soul would merely dream. Did those in charge of children fully realize what a power is in their hands to mould, were they to arouse in their little ones a personal interest in the trials and triumphs, the sorrows and joys of our missionary churches, both at home and abroad, what an efficient force of men and women would they thus inspire to devote their lives to God's better service as "workers in His vineyard!"

* *

A NON-CATHOLIC friend has sent us a clipping which deserves a place in these columns and which has its lesson for American Catholics. The quotation is from a letter written to a well-known author by a British soldier, who died a month later:

Lying here in the hospital, helpless three months from shrapnel wounds which refuse to heal, and just waiting, I have been thinking. You know I have been all over the world. It would seem that I should have plenty to think about. Strange, isn't it, that my thoughts always go back to the one theme of foreign missions, especially as I never thought of them before but in derision; yes, and that not even withstanding help given to me in mission hospitals in Amritsar, Jaffna, and Uganda when I was sick.

I do not remember giving a single penny to the foreign missions in my

life. Even as I travelled in distant lands, often well-knowing that but for the work of missionaries there had been no road for me, I still refused to own the blessings their work conferred on both the natives they set out to convert and the country which gave the heroes birth. Gold was my god. My whole energies were set on trade.

When the calls to arms came I was in London. I joined Kitchener's men. You sent me a New Testament. I have it now. Reading at random one night, for want of something better to do, I was struck by the words of St. John xvii. 3: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the One true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."

These words have been with me every waking hour these twelve months. They are with me now. And how precious I find them who can say? They cause me to care not a jot for this poor maimed body so soon to be laid aside. I have found a Friend; and I realize that this Friend cares for every savage of man's race even as He cares for me. And why should He not? Who made us to differ? Does it lie in my mouth, realizing my own unworthiness and His love, to say to the most benighted negro, "Stand by thyself; come not near me; for I am holier than thou"?

Assuredly not. I envy you fellows who have done so much for the cause. I would gladly die for it, now that it is too late.

Why does our Church keep foreign missions so much in the background? I do not blame any mortal. I am saying that something is wrong with the scheme of things which fails to put "The whole world for Christ" right in the foreground as the battle cry of the Christian church. My little money will presently be found devoted to the cause. But what is that? We can carry nothing out whither I am going. My message is that all who are wise should work in the service while it is day, remembering the coming night.

* *

A FIVE-CENT trolley ride will prove to any Missourian that America is becoming daily better disposed towards the foreign mission idea. The signs of the times are all pointing that way and any observant commuter, sitting on the front seat near the motorman, can convince himself that the world is growing less provincial and coming gradually to think more of the other man.

The old lady with the bundles at your elbow no longer has to

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

Who, if not you, will remember your beloved dead?

fret and ask in querulous tones what route the car intends to take; no longer need the fare collector announce in the peculiar patois of his tribe the avenues that pass; for now the public servants of our cities have put up signs and measured distances and named and numbered everything.

This is a revolution in our outlook on life. Our fathers were content to live in Greenwich Village and keep to themselves the knowledge of how to reach the lane that passed their door. The stranger among them had to ask the way of passers-by. But the one time British colony has stirred itself, and in its effort to uphold the principle of the equality of all mankind has inevitably broadened its viewpoint and welcomed strangers to its shores, sharing its benefits with all who came.

We were handicapped at the start, and it will take years to thaw our civil selves sufficiently to take an adequate interest in the man beyond our borders. But the day will come, and its coming will be hastened by our individual attempts to be less provincial. The day we took down the wooden fence that used to shut Maryknoll's lawn from the gaze of peaceful neighbors was a day nearer the ideal for which the lawn at Maryknoll was bought. This is the age of porches on our homes, of fenceless sharing of our suburban plots with all the world, of better roads that put *Peckville* on the map of the hemisphere, of telephone and telegraph, of daily transatlantic news, of interest in foreign lands and Christian regard for the independence of our smaller brother nations.

The aircraftsmen of our Army, now being trained to fly the skies, are symbolic of the times in which we live. As they rise from the ground and tread the byways of the birds, they better realize how small is that part of this world's acreage from which they came. They get a wider horizon and hence a truer conception of the relative importance of the dwelling places of men.

* *

United We Stand.

IT seems quite natural for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith to look with loving solicitude on the development of Maryknoll, for does it not look forward to the day when, if need be, it will take beneath its sheltering wing our own American priests, gone forth to share their heavenly treasures with the poorest of God's creatures, the pagans?

Within the past month two striking evidences of this interest have been given, the one from the East, New York, an old and sympathetic friend since before the beginning at Maryknoll; the other from the Middle West, St. Paul, a new friend, but evidently new only because the work of Propagation itself is quite new in that city.

From New York City came "The Good Work," the organ of the Propagation of the Faith Society, and our pulse quickened when it was laid on our desk. The cover page was devoted to the departure of Maryknoll's Superior for the Orient, and as we read the lines under the title, "The Herald," we felt once again the warmth of that spiritual kinship which Monsignor Dunn has always manifested for all work for souls, a kinship which leads him to win for us at every opportunity the interest of even those who cooperate with him in his own fine work. Some of our best friends have learned to know and love Maryknoll through Monsignor Dunn.



".....he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

The St. Paul branch of the great Society spoke to us through its Director, the Rev. James A. Byrnes. Fr. Byrnes' own words best reveal the truly Catholic character of his Propagation work:

We are preparing to place a few *Foreign Mission Tables* in the rear of some of the larger churches in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Should you care to have THE FIELD AFAR and other literature pertaining to the work of Maryknoll appear on these tables? I should be happy to receive copies of the magazine and a package of any leaflets or cards that you publish. My idea is not to sell THE FIELD AFAR, but to have copies to offer gratis, for the purpose of acquainting people with your work. I should think a hundred copies placed in this way each month would in a short time bring good returns.

We were only too glad to comply with this request, and our package brought the following reply:

THE FIELD AFAR and booklets have arrived and I thank you most sincerely for them. I am enclosing herewith check for \$10, by way of lessening your expense in the matter. I intend to "rubber stamp" each copy of THE FIELD AFAR, inviting those who find the magazine attractive to send their subscriptions.

May God bless and protect Fr. Walsh on his mission in the Far East, and make this work at Maryknoll prosper in his absence!

The Cause of Our Sadness.

Enclosed one dollar—yearly dues of FIELD AFAR—a paper we all appreciate and look for every month.

I am a constant reader of THE FIELD AFAR and can hardly wait for its arrival each month.

Have just finished reading the last number of THE FIELD AFAR. It is simply irresistible.

I do enjoy THE FIELD AFAR. There is so much to every sentence it contains that is equal to many magazines ten times its size.

I should like you to know how much pleasure your FIELD AFAR gives us. We look forward to the time when we shall receive it each month.

THE FIELD AFAR is the most popular magazine which comes into our house, especially with the young folks. My brother, who is nineteen, says, "It's great!"

I have one fault to find with your paper and that is, that I do not receive it often enough. A month is a long time in between.

There is an empty space on our library table which causes much disappointment—our FIELD AFAR has not arrived. Please put us back on your list at once.

I enjoy your little paper very much and often see my father glancing through it. This is remarkable, as he does not practise his religion and generally ridicules such things.

If you have taken my name off your FIELD AFAR subscription list please put it right back again. That paper is one good thing I must have as long as my pennies hold out. Why, the pictures alone are worth more than the year's cost, as a suave agent might say.

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Leaks by Wireless.

THE approach of Christmas, heralded by Advent Sunday, seems to awaken to new life the faith and love of every Christian soul.

This year, with the war at our very doors, ought we more than ever to beg the Divine Infant, through prayers and sacrifices, to bring back to this distracted world peace and goodwill.

And as we pray for this peace on earth, let us not forget to ask also for eternal peace for those countless souls to whom Christ's blessed coming is as yet unknown.

In these days, when everybody is "doing his bit," we feel we should do ours by giving one of our priest friends a bit of notice.

This friend began by being just a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR. Soon he was reading it from cover to cover. His next move was to direct two of his finest boys to the Vénard Apostolic School, when it was in its infancy. He then secured an "aunt" for one of them and became "uncle" to the other, that the burden of the struggling school might be lessened as much as possible.

But this was not all. He has now sent the first installment—\$65—towards a burse in honor of St. Aloysius, to be devoted to a Vénard student.

The amount must be increased to \$100 before the burse can be entered on our list. Will you, if you cannot help to raise the figure, at least ask St. Aloysius to "do his bit" and interest those who can?

Fr. Gill, the Spanish historian, writing of the missions, says:

The heroic patience of our missionaries, repaying insults with benefits, the unwearied goodness and charity of our Catholic nuns, have conquered the suspicions of the pagans. As an instance, in Brussa, a Mahometan city of Asia Minor, the Sisters of Charity are revered as saints. The women and children kiss their hands in the streets, and they can go with perfect security into quarters where even the police enter only with great precaution.

Fr. Verbrugge, Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers in the Philippines, who spent many years among the head hunters of Borneo, informs us that the missionaries there enjoy the absolute confidence of the natives—the vast majority of whom are still pagan—and can travel, unattended and unprotected, through any part of the island, day or night, in absolute safety; while officials of the government never dare to venture into the interior without strong guards, and even with this precaution many have been murdered by the natives.

"For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

While making his seminary course at Montreal, a young French Canadian, Romeo Caillé, managed to acquire a working knowledge of Chinese between theology hours, in the hope of being one day sent as a missionary to the Far East.

There being eight thousand Chinese in Montreal, of whom only about two hundred are Catholic, the Archbishop has decided that for the present Fr. Caillé shall work in this great Chinese field at home. And so on September 16th Fr. Caillé sang High Mass for his new parishioners and preached his first sermon in Chinese.

Connected with the church are two flourishing schools; and, with the aid of seven nuns of the Immaculate Conception who understand Chinese (one being a native of China), an exhaustive house to house canvass of these foreigners is being made.

What fruits will come from this devoted zeal to God's glory, and this far-sighted initiative that led Fr. Caillé to study Chinese during odd hours! How many will be the reactive graces from this initial movement in favor of foreign missions! America is waking, slowly perhaps, but surely, to her Apostolate.

The spread of the Faith should have been more rapid in the past, and should go on now far more swiftly than it does.

Today the sentiment of heathendom has altered greatly, and the prestige of America has changed the bitter feeling against Christianity into one quite sympathetic. Hence it is the Church's pressing duty to evangelize all peoples, and to do it quickly. Consider how rapidly the western world, the different countries of Europe, were converted from barbarism to Christianity.

—Our Sunday Visitor.

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At the Sign of the Sale Table.

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The Pioneer's Log.

(Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)



AFTER a stop about forty miles from San Francisco, a United States Army officer of considerable weight hustled through the train. I was chatting with a

St. Louis man, when suddenly I heard the porter say, "There he is," and I sensed the fact that I was the victim wanted.

My embarrassment was only momentary, because the Army officer was no other than Maryknoll's San Francisco "Uncle," the Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, LL.D., Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Chaplain of the Coast Guard, and friend to about every man, woman, and child within a hundred miles or more of the Golden Gate.

The Chaplain beamed, and everybody and everything began to beam. The porter seemed a changed man, and his eyes danced as he bowed out. The youngster who had already sized up every passenger several times came over to try on the "Captain's" hat. He looked up at our uniformed friend and exclaimed admiringly, "Say, you're fat!"—and his grandmother had a hard time getting him off the train at Berkeley.

The next day we saw, at Menlo Park, the Diocesan Seminary, where for several years we have had warm friends. Wherever the spirit of St. Sulpice is, there may be found a keen appreciation of foreign missions, and the Seminary at Menlo Park is no exception.

Shortly after dinner we left for Santa Clara, that I might see the new Carmelite Convent, talk with the saintly women who reside there, some of whom I had known "way back East," and be assured of their prayers. There is no body of women in this country, I believe, that has a stronger and more personal interest in

Maryknoll than the Carmelite nuns, wherever they may be found; and it was with the "home" feeling that I looked again upon the little Spanish belfry as we whirled past the convent after a brief visit to the neighboring Santa Clara College, where my uniformed companion had made his studies.



"THE LITTLE SPANISH BELFRY"
OF THE CARMELOITE CONVENT
AT SANTA CLARA.

The day of days at San Francisco—in all there were only three—was Thursday, September 13, for which date was scheduled no less important an event than the opening of the third establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, the *Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco*.

This event took place in the evening, at Van Ness Avenue, where a house for Maryknoll priests has been leased and furnished by the kindly "Uncle" to whom I have already referred. The house, which had been "dolled up" by the Maryknoll Auxiliary so that it looked alive, is well situated, with an outlook on the Pacific, an Assembly Room, and accommodations for half a dozen

priests and brothers. Here Maryknoll will soon have one of its members, and from this centre a knowledge of its purposes will radiate over the Pacific Slope. Here, too, the young missionaries will find a welcome and a haven of rest after passing the Rockies on their way to the Far East.

The gathering that night was a modest but notable one. The genial and cultured Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, was there to say his precious word of welcome and to reveal the Christ-like heart that is his. When later I thanked His Grace I was quickly told that there was no occasion to do so, and that he would be lacking in the spirit that should animate any bishop if he failed to take advantage of such an opportunity to further the Cause of Christ. Archbishop Hanna felt, too, that the reactive influence of this new venture would be most beneficial to the entire diocese; and in a captivating talk he made known his sentiments, to the edification of all who listened and to the unconcealed delight of Maryknoll's "Uncle."

Fr. Bradley, the Paulist, a zealous apostle to the Chinese of San Francisco, was there that evening with several priests, including Fr. Davrou, S.J., a well-known missionary of China, Fr. Moore, S.J., of the Japanese Mission, and my steamer companion, Fr. Chabloz. The Assembly-Room in the basement was crowded to the door with an interested body of the laity. Everybody felt that the occasion marked the quiet entrance of a new force into the spiritual life of the Church in California, and that as such it was an historical event worthy of record.

I experienced a deep wave of happiness that night when, after my return to the Rectory, I realized what had occurred. I had often thought of this establish-

ment as a possibility, and had often remarked that after New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, California was evidently our best friend, but I did not look for its strong welcome quite so soon. May God bless the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco, and may He bless San Francisco which, in the spirit of the gentle Saint of Assisi, has opened its arms to our young Society!

Saturday, September 15, was our sailing date and shortly after one, on schedule time, our steamer, the *Tenyo Maru*, cut loose from her dock. Some friends were there to see us off and among them were Fr. Davrou and Fr. Breton, both former missionaries, one a Jesuit, the other an alumnus of the Paris Seminary, detailed for work among the Japanese of Los Angeles.



THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Was "the Chaplain" there? Ask rather, if by any chance he missed that opportunity to express his interest in Maryknoll. Whatever time he could spare from the barracks in those few days belonged to Maryknoll's representative.

Out into the bay a little tug pulled us, and there left the *Tenyo Maru* to her own devices. We were delayed by a special inspection order from Washington but at length, with countless seagulls at our heels, we moved along.

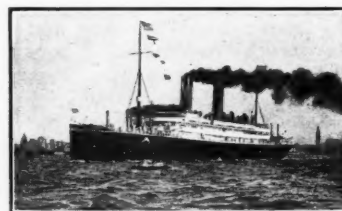
As we passed the Presidio I looked for the Chaplain, who had planned to signal us, but I could not distinguish him; and in a few more moments we had steamed out through the Golden Gate and were riding good-sized waves on the Pacific.

The *Tenyo Maru* is what might be popularly called "some steamer." It is like all great liners in the main, but has its own peculiar atmosphere due to the character of the employees, practically all of whom are Orientals.

In the dining-room we have been placed in the care of an attractive young Chinaman. This "boy's" name is pronounced like *tack*, but there is nothing in him to suggest either a hard cracker or the pointed instrument of torture that needs the blow of a hammer on its head. We shall write him up as plain Tak—and he is worthy of mention. Tak was born of poor but Chinese parents, somewhere near Canton, that portion of the Chinese Republic (is it one yet?) that contributes to the United States most of its laundrymen. Tak looks young, but he assures us—and his countenance compels belief—that he is twenty-four years old. At breakfast he appears in a neatly-laundered dark blue affair; at noon the shade of blue grows lighter; and at the evening meal Tak is in immaculate white. We like Tak, and we may see more of him later.

When the occasion offered I have talked with Orientals, for the sole purpose of discovering if they have caught the idea that the Catholic Church is the Church of the world; that its head is the Holy Father; that its members can be found in all countries; and that its strength in the United States is considerable: and I am convinced that the average Chinese or Japanese resident in the United States has yet to know just where the Catholic Church

stands in relation to the several denominations of Protestantism. Doubtless there are not a few American Catholics who, as students or business men, come in contact with friends from across the Pacific, and a few inquiries followed by a statement of fact would, I believe, do much towards setting right some wrong impressions.



THE TENYO MARU—"SOME STEAMER."

I met on deck the young Chinese physician who sits at our table, and encouraged him to open up. He is a native of Ning-po, received his preparatory training at a Mission College (Protestant), attended the Harvard Medical School in China, and took a post-graduate course in the United States, to which country, after teaching two years, he proposes to return for further study.

He is intelligent, bright of manner yet dignified, and knows English well. When he learned that my companion and I are Catholic priests he made known his own affiliations. He is an Episcopalian, although he had often attended services in the Mission Church of Roxbury, near which he roomed when in Boston. (The Mission Church, I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the very popular church of the Redemptorist Fathers.) I put a few questions to him with some interesting results. Personally he had not met Catholic priests. He declared that there are in China more Catholics than Protestants, and we were surprised to learn that the ratio is about ten to one. He had remarked the absence of

American priests, but had attributed it to indifference rather than to the burdens laid on American priests by the influx of immigrants.

When he learned of my mission the doctor seemed earnestly interested and anxious to suggest. I note here what he said and it may be taken for what it is worth. Perhaps it carries a warning worth while. According to his statement, the Catholic priest in China "mixes too much with politics." This statement was speedily modified, until it reached substantially the charge that Catholic priests had at times incurred the hostility of the pagans by seeking persistently for their flocks as well as for themselves the protection and punitive power of their own governments. He added that undoubtedly the Chinese converts themselves were largely to blame, because the consciousness of the foreign protection made them bold, thus antagonizing the more their fellow-countrymen.

I did not feel that I could just then dispute his statements, but reminded the doctor that the Catholic priest would naturally depend less than any Protestant missionaries upon the protection of his government. He is alone, without a family; he lives among the people as one of them; and he is in China with the idea of making it his home for life. Perhaps a general charge has been made from a few examples. In any event, I appreciated his candor and would get the other side before forming a judgment.

The conversation then turned

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to the relations between Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China, and the doctor maintained that the Catholic priest holds himself absolutely aloof from his Protestant neighbor. He felt that there was some common ground on which both could stand and work together. I told him that I knew of friendships existing between the two classes, but explained to him the special difficulty for a European, especially one of the Latin nationalities, because Protestantism has hardly a foothold in Latin countries and is represented there by unprincipled or ignorant proselyters whose ill-concealed aim is to belittle the Catholic Church. In the United States, as I explained, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers often meet together for some common good; as, for example, the cause of temperance, or the suppression of immoral enterprises. I pointed out, however, the radical doctrinal differences between the Catholic Church and all Christian denominations, and expressed regret that the Far East could not be taught the truth of Christ by an undivided following. The young man assented earnestly and seemed to appreciate the fact that Jesus Christ would naturally have founded a Society—a visible Body with a visible Head—which must be somewhere even now.

Auctober Auction.

Buffalo and Bridgeport offered "Fifty-Fifty;" a friend in Pennsylvania made it "Sixty-Five;" Minneapolis and New York raised it to "One Hundred;" Trenton went one better with "One Hundred and Twenty-Five;" Scranton raised it to "Thirty;" Manchester caused a sensation by jumping to "Three Hundred;" but it was finally knocked down to Rochester for \$400.

What were they bidding for? Why, the "Generosity and Foreign Mission Interest Medal," of course!



FROM overseas have come, since our last issue, the following:

CHINA—Letters: Fr. Buch, Ning-po; Fr. McArdle, Kashing; Fr. Hoogers, Shanghai; Fr. Champeyrol, Hongkong; Sr. Mary, Wenchow; Bp. Faveau, Hangchow. Booklet, Fr. Clement, Peking. Photographs and promise of Mass, Fr. O'Leary, Kashing.

INDIA—Letters: Archbishop Morel, Pondicherry; Fr. Tinti, Gannavaram. INDO-CHINA—Letter, Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.

JAPAN—Letters: Archbishop Rey, Tokyo; Bp. Berlioz, Sendai. Letter and cancelled stamps, Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki.

KOREA—Letter, Bp. Mutel, Seoul.

BORNEO—Letter, Fr. Dunn, Kuching.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Letter and cancelled stamps, Bp. MacGinley, Neuva Caceres. Letters: Fr. Gram, Olongapo; Fr. Hinterhuber, Barbaza.

AT HOME ABROAD.

Already I am rejoicing at the pleasure your coming will be to us. (Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki.)

Your letter gives me great pleasure, announcing the welcome news that we shall see you in Taikou. (Bp. Demange.)

You are doing a magnificent thing. There is every reason to hope that after the war you will be in a position to aid the missions most effectively. (Bp. Joulain, Ceylon.)

I am much interested to hear of your proposed journey to Japan and China. May Our Lord keep you safe in the many difficulties and dangers you will meet with, and bring you back safe to your beloved Maryknoll. (Fr. Henry, Superior, Mill Hill.)

I am exceedingly glad to know that you are coming. China is big enough for many more workers and you can do a lot of good here. In South China many are American by education and return to their homes well-disposed towards Christianity. (Fr. Robert, Hongkong.)

It is needless to say how welcome he will be. We shall receive him as a brother, and he will be "at home" in each and every post that he favors with his visit. We join our prayers with yours for the preservation of his health, the success of his journey, and his happy return to Maryknoll. (Bp. Berlioz, Sendai, Japan.)

CHINA.

The Chinese horoscope is much more complete than the ones we see occasionally in the papers. For instance, it will tell you that:

People with dimples will marry more than once;

A man with thick hair will never be prime minister;

A woman with much white in her eyes will probably murder her husband;

A man with a horse's mouth will die of starvation;

While he who has a dog's nose will live to a ripe old age.



RICH IN HAPPINESS, AND

Earnest words are these, which will not fall on deaf ears if American Catholics are alive to their duty and their opportunity:

America is, incontestably, the country most popular with the Chinese. Fortunately we have here an American missionary, the excellent Fr. Fraser of Canada. His province—Che Kiang—is the one where Protestants most abound, and the great majority of them are American. They go about telling every one that America is the great Protestant republic, and that the Catholic governments are the old decadent governments of Europe.

Let us hope that your zeal, blessed by God, will soon fill China with zealous apostles, modern in bearing and progress but antique in virtue, true American St. Pauls, who will establish the reputation of the universal Church and Catholic America. (Fr. Vincent Lebbe, Tientsin.)

That China is profiting by her study of Western civilization who can doubt? A missionary to that awakening nation writes:

China is in a hopeless political muddle. Sun Yat Sen is getting up a government in Canton now, and he sends out several hundred wires a day proclaiming himself for Republicanism. Everyone knows it, but he wants to make sure there is "no doubt—no possible probable shadow of doubt—no doubt whatever." You remember he was one of the leaders of the Revolution of 1911, which succeeded in making a Republic of China. He was elected President, and after a short term found things too hot for him. He could not guide the destinies of a liberated four-hundred-million. He threw away the reins of government, and Yuan Shi Kai took them up.

We had a monarchy here, but it lasted only a week. This change of program is interesting, at least. It does not seem improbable that China may be divided into two kingdoms eventually. The Yangtze River has already drawn the line of demarcation. At present we may surely call ourselves, *The Dis-United States of China.*

It is our little friend, Sr. Mary Angeline, once A FIELD AFAR secretary, whose name was Mary Donovan, who writes:

My letter was begun while I was acting as step-mother to twenty-three children. Seated in the shade of a banana tree, I strove to keep one eye on the little workers and the other on my paper. You may imagine my success! Often when most eloquently disposed I was obliged to put down my writing materials and take up hoe, rake, or shovel to console a heart whose fatigue was betrayed by tears.

Last December Sr. Claire, our conductress to China, and I were placed in charge of the Government founding hospitals, some three miles from the mission at Canton. These hospitals had been under the direction of Chinese Protestants, from whom the Government withdrew them in our favor. Here we have our hands, hearts, and minds filled to overflowing.

Imagine a missionary sister sleeping with a loaded revolver under her pillow! When we began to remain here over night we were presented with two, but accepted only one as we were more afraid of the weapons than of the possible malefactors.

In January our Reverend Mother Superior fell a victim to the variola and I returned to Canton to care for her. The frail constitution which was

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to combat the disease gave us much cause for alarm, but the Queen of Apostles, to whom we had recourse, responded to our supplications with an almost miraculous restoration. When the inevitable quarantine was ended I returned here to Tong San.

THE FIELD AFAR leads us to believe that you, too, will very soon be gathering "yellow lilies." May God speed you, is my daily petition.



POOR IN SPIRITS.

INDIA.

From native priests in India appeals come not infrequently to the United States, but it is only such a beggar as Maryknoll that draws to itself an Indian money-order. The writer of the lines which follow is afraid to have his name published—perhaps because he would be thought to be sufficiently provided:

The *Modern Martyr* arrived a few weeks ago. It was at once given to my students for their spiritual reading in common. They are quite taken with it. One of them told me later that he would like very much to translate it into Malayalam. I hope that Blessed Théophane's noble example and burning words have fired their souls with zeal for the conversion of the millions of pagans surrounding us here.

We have set about collecting spiritual alms for the Missions. My seminarists are asked to say one Hail Mary daily for the conversion of souls, and on Fridays to recite St. Francis Xavier's prayer for that holy purpose.

I am sending you a money-order for another copy of *A Modern Martyr*, and also one rupee (about thirty cents) each for the Blessed Théophane Vénard and Little Flower Burses. My monthly income is seventeen rupees (about six dollars), so you will understand that I cannot send more than this poor offering, but miserable as it is I send it to testify my great interest in your work and my devotion to those two young saints. I wonder that their Burses are not already oversubscribed! Let the Catholics of America but know the lives of those loveable souls and they would surely complete their Burses without delay.

A generous soul in Kandy sends me his *FIELD AFAR* after he reads it, but the roundabout journey delays its arrival and sometimes I wait for months. So I beg of you to send one copy to my address regularly. I will say a Mass for your work, as you have asked mission priests to do.

For some thirty years Belgian Jesuits have been at work among the hill-tribes of *Chota-Nagpur*, and they have succeeded in making good Christians out of thousands among these pagans. Fr. Van den Bossche, S.J., who is stationed in the very heart of the mission, has sent us the following interesting notes on his people:

They are exceedingly fond of music, dancing, and processions, and we try as far as possible not to take away from them such of their pleasures as are compatible with Christian morality. Not long ago I saw for the first time the national dances of the tribes *Ouraon* and *Munda*.

Two of the strongest youths in the village advanced into the arena, decked out in all that could give them a fierce appearance. They pranced about to

the sound of pipes and drums, and then, keeping perfect time with the music, they attacked each other, striking savage blows in the air. The one who was supposed to have been hit, rolled on the ground, turned most extraordinary somersaults, rose again, and bounded towards his adversary to begin a second "round." These wardances are very popular.

Both the *Ouraons* and the *Mundas* are exceedingly proud of what their folk-lore tells them of their prowess on the battle-field. They cherish the memory of many fierce conflicts fought for the independence of their native soil, but the strangest story is that



AT AN INDIAN SODA-FOUNTAIN.

which relates how the *Ouraons* were finally overcome and forced to flee to the mountains.

After numerous battles in which they had been worsted, their enemies hit upon a very simple way of defeating them. They waited until a certain festival on which, as they knew, every man of the *Ouraons* would be dead drunk with rice-beer. Then they advanced, sure of an easy victory. But they had reckoned without the women, who, as soon as the alarm was given, arose to the cry of battle. Donning the men's dress and armor, these female warriors rushed out and contended with the utmost bravery, until at last they were obliged to surrender. This, according to the legend, was the end of national independence, for on that day, abandoning their rich rice-fields in the plains, the *Ouraons* had to seek a new home.

Can you supply the missing letters in

M R KN L ?

If so, send one dollar in stamps with correct answer and receive absolutely

FREE OF CHARGE

one year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

The Needs of the Diocese.

FR. RYAN took the steps two at a time and bounded into his study. It was a breach of clerical decorum, but he was happy and wanted to relieve himself. A lusty "Hip! hip! hurrah!" would have expressed his feelings better, but he was a new man in the house and still a little in awe of the pastor. He contented himself with rubbing his hands and a glance at the crucifix, and hurried to wash for supper.

"Twas a good day's work," he sputtered, as the soapy lather got in his mouth, "and what a coincidence—a penniless student and a benefactress, both on the one day! And John Flynn will make a good priest, too—and she seemed so eager to help him. Two hundred dollars—every year till he is ordained—it was a privilege, she said—and she is right. I wonder am I late for supper? She would have kept me an hour longer—it was worth it, though. I guess I'll send him to St. Mary's and give him a suitcase as a present—no, I guess a cassock would look better, coming from a priest. Hello! There's the dinner bell!" and with a tug at his collar he tried to walk unconcernedly into the dining room.

Fr. Ryan was ordained one year, with never a sorrow in his life, and his healthy buoyancy found it hard to be sedate. He did not realize that it was his big-heartedness and the love of fun twinkling in his eye that made the young men warm to him, that made John Flynn turn to him in confidence to tell him of his secret hopes of studying for the priesthood. It was only that very day that John had broached the subject, and he was to come again that evening to talk it over.

Fr. Ryan dispatched the meal with a heartiness that made the cook ejaculate, "What a fine appetite, God bless him! Sure 'tis a

pleasure to cook for the likes of him."

The doorbell buzzed as the meal was finished, and with a hasty thanksgiving Fr. Ryan excused himself to welcome John, whom he was expecting.

The two were soon seated and John began, with a smile and a stammer: "Father, I—I didn't tell you all I wanted to this morning. I guess I was so excited I forgot it. It is this way: God is making it so easy for me to go on for the priesthood that I feel I ought to do more for Him. I would like to offer myself for a more difficult mission, and work for Him where men are needed most. If I went to China even, as a missionary, it would be making but a little sacrifice in return for the graces He has heaped on me. The diocese doesn't need me as much as China does, and besides, my going will surely stir others to take my place here. What do you think, Father, of my going to Maryknoll?"

This was all too sudden for Fr. Ryan to answer at once—and then the buzzer announced a hurry sick-call. The priest jumped up.

"Let us do nothing hastily, John. We will talk it over tomorrow, and pray in the meanwhile. I must go now—it's a sick-call," and with his hearty handshake he hurried out.

The streets were deserted and dimly lighted as Fr. Ryan left the church, carrying his Divine Master on his breast. He tried to concentrate his attention on his precious Burden, but somehow he found himself repeating John's words: "God is making it so easy for me to go on for the priesthood,"—and then came the echo from his conscience, and he whispered to his God:

"But You have made it still easier for me! What sacrifice have I ever undergone? What have I offered you, Jesus? This

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

boy thinks You have been generous with him and what can I say for myself? What have I that I have not received from You? My life has been all joy—no pain, no opposition—everything made smooth for me—and does the diocese need me any more than it needs John? Dare I tell him to make the sacrifice and I myself hold back? Is a boy to outdo me in charity?"

And he quickened his pace, stumbling along heedless of his steps.

The long hours of that night saw a light in Fr. Ryan's room, and the young priest paced the floor, and stood and sat in turns, and passed his vigil in deep thought. He felt a strange emotion, as though face to face with the crisis of his life. There was exultation, too. God, Who but lately rested on his breast, was near him now, and the way seemed clear, astonishingly clear. Had he not years ago breathed deep with the thought of the foreign missions? Had he not been willing then to offer himself joyfully? What was it that had kept him back? Oh, yes—Maryknoll had not been in existence then, and it all had seemed visionary. And was there not in his hesitation now just a trace of weakness, a little protest that God was asking too much? But, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." And the young priest knelt for one deep, fervent prayer before retiring for the night.

It was a tired Fr. Ryan that greeted John Flynn the next day.

"Well, John, I have prayed as I promised," he said, "I see no reason why you should not go to Maryknoll. The diocese has greater need of an example of self-sacrifice. I have written to the Bishop already, for—well, the diocese got along without me a year ago and I am sure someone can fill my place now. So, John, I too, like you, am asking to go the whole way—to China."

A Maryknoller, 1917.

Toddling Coadjutors.

SACRIFICE is the measure of love. Those beginning early in life to deny themselves for others are doubly blessed in learning so soon the secret of true happiness, and in especially endearing themselves to Him Who loves little children—pagan as well as Christian.

That this sweet truth is realized by our religious teachers is evident from the increasing efforts many are making to awaken in their charges a practical interest in foreign mission work.

We quote from a few letters recently received:

Please send me some sample copies of THE FIELD AFAR. I am going to put it into the hands of all the pupils of the Academy. (Newburgh, N. Y.)

Here are names and addresses of five girls of my class who wish to help THE FIELD AFAR. Please send each of them ten copies every month. (Jersey City.)

I am enclosing \$6.—\$5 for land-slips filled by the children and \$1 for a Mass intention for the father of one of the little girls. (St. Mary's, Pawtucket.)

Our pupils collected and sold tinfoil and this \$3.30 is the proceeds. They wish to buy three hundred square feet of land at Maryknoll, and send the extra thirty cents for you to use as you like. (Nebraska City.)

"The children are sorry and disappointed that their check is not larger," wrote a good Sister from Rhode Island.

Expecting from this to find about thirty cents, we took up the check—and saw the generous sum of \$34.65, to be distributed as follows:

Burse offerings (\$1 apiece for ten)	\$10.00
Vénard land	1.00
Maryknoll land	15.65
Cement fund	2.50
FIELD AFAR sold	.30
New subscriptions	2.00
Mass offering	2.00
Books sold	1.00

At the Knoll.

FR. VERBRUGGE, the first Superior of the Mill Hill missionaries in the Philippine Islands, has come to be a familiar figure at Maryknoll.

Though not yet more than three score years, his life in Borneo and the Philippines has been a wearing one. On the eve of departure for his Philippine mission he fell



"PADRE JULIO."

seriously ill in New York City and is now convalescing, as all his friends hope, at Maryknoll, where every foreign missionary is welcome to what we can give in food and shelter.

In spite of his trying experiences, "Padre Julio's" bump of cheerfulness was not even scratched, and he has given, besides many instructive talks on mission life, an extra shine to Maryknoll's sun of humor.

The other day the "Padre" had his first soda in fifty-five years. Until tasting it he thought the ice-cream was mashed potato. What an opening there would be for an enterprising soda-clerk among the head-hunters of Borneo!

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make ten dollars nine,
And subscribing have before us
FIELD AFAR news just in time.*

(We owe our rhyme man a month's rent.)

One evening last week an expressman drove up to the front door and left a delightfully mysterious box. Just as we were wondering where we could steal the reels, it turned out to be a Victrola, with seven eleven records.

The tocsin was sounded at once, and all hands, even the dish-washing quartette, assembled, to a musical treat of which we had often dreamed. Alas! Just as Caruso was reaching high "high Z" in a fairy aria, the editor awoke. But, do you know, sometimes dreams come true!

We know that Maryknoll is on the map, for the Suffragettes have found us out. One day while the back door was locked, a delegation swooped down, under the camouflage of two henpecked Fords. They wanted to know if we didn't believe women could rock the cradle with one hand and steer the ship of state with the other. We gave three woofs for the Goddess of Just Rights and apologized for the crack in our mirror. Leaving, they left.

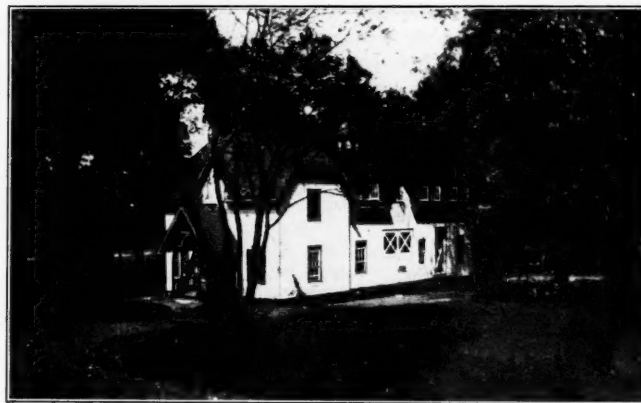
How the hens got wind of it we don't know, but they haven't been the same since. The Reverend Procurator soliloquizes vaguely about "moulting," but it's subscrip-

tions to land slips we get no more eggs till those hens get club privileges, moving pictures, and Saturday afternoons off.

Almost every visitor to the Knoll is surprised at the growth we have reached and the state of our estate. Expecting, as they tell us, to find a "one hoss" place, magnified and bolstered into an "institution" by a certain facile-penned editor's irrepressible optimism, they are agreeably bewildered at the work that Providence has wrought here in a few short years.

The actual number of the students, brothers, and Teresians; the size and quality of the buildings; the general appearance of a matured and stable growth; together with the realization that Maryknoll is also the mother house of a preparatory college that, in acreage and number of students, is larger still; all this comes home to them with striking force when they are actually "on the ground."

For this reason, it would give us special pleasure to welcome those benefactors who have never seen Maryknoll save in print, and who, naturally, must venture a hope, when sending a donation to the cause of foreign missions, that it will be used wisely and well. For



ST. MICHAEL'S IN ITS NEW WINTER COAT.

answer to this hope, we refer confidently to our visitors who have seen us as we really are.

Brother Gregory, a Spanish Franciscan who told a decade in China before visiting us, is a guest who will not soon be forgotten.

"For me this night is very joy," said the good Brother, beginning a talk on China which proved "many interesting" to all his hearers and was seasoned with a touching episode about the "steal man who took at night my Father's trunkies."

Brother Gregory's account of the work of Sisters in asylums, schools, and hospitals so fired the enthusiasm of our Teresians that we almost had to implore them not to take the next boat for the Far East.

The excitement of ordinary aeroplaning is dull dozing in comparison with the spinal shivers that come from making a *Bread Fund* soar,—and we use self-raising flour, at that.

Of course, the thrills depend on the kind of machine you use—a moneyplane or a buyplane.

When cash takes wings, you have a moneyplane—when it talks, a buyplane.

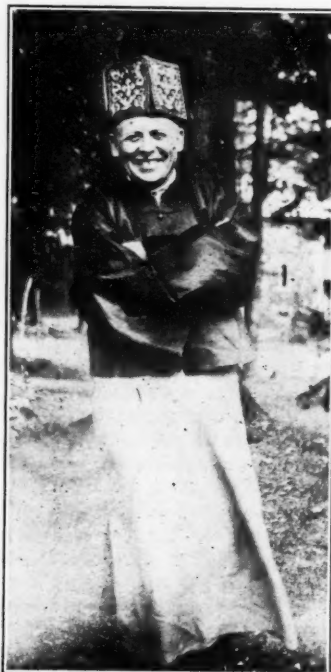
The later species of flea is more efficient in action—it always delivers the bread to the back door, but, with the majority of the poor in our great and sky-priced republic, we have found ourselves running a moneyplane instead. This is due to the vagaries of our Baker, who strangely refuses to kill the goose that lays his golden bread.

Now, if somebody were to plant a mine under our Bread Fund and send it soaring, we could stop eating cake all the time.

Seven Bridgeport girls have put up fifty dollars to furnish a room in honor of St. Joseph.

Instead of being praised by their friends for their generosity,

they will not even be known, for their gift was made anonymously. But, though "the right hand may not know what the left hand doeth," there is One Whose All-seeing Eye such an expression of love cannot escape.



BROTHER GREGORY — FROM CHINA.

A second offering travelled all the way from Montana and gave us the privilege of naming the room; while the third, a Memorial from Massachusetts, was made up by the members of the family, who contributed their new coins until the fifty-dollar mark was reached.

The other evening
Collie
Lay down
On what looked
Like a soft spot.
How could he
Know it was
Fly Paper?
We never saw Collie
More provoked.

Send for a mite box and let the family gather gradually for each of its departed a Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership.

Readers who met Miss Ria Nobechi as she passed through this country will be interested to know that she has at this writing arrived in Japan.

She was an attractive figure for the Occidental, but more than an ornament was Miss Ria Nobechi. She could travel as well as any campaigner, and she would give more talks in a day than a suffragette could deliver in a week. Even on her journey to the coast Miss Nobechi kept up her record, as may be noted from the following lines, dated at Sacramento, Cal.:

I spoke at the Sacred Heart Convents in Lake Forest, Loretto, and St. Louis, and at the St. Francis Hospital at Colorado Springs. Everywhere I was most cordially greeted.

Having been delayed two days by the unfortunate flood, I did not want to stop at Salt Lake, but was obliged to do so in order to avoid arriving at San Francisco at midnight. I went to see Fr. Schultz, who was very kind to me. He has two Japanese boys in his service. One of them answered the bell and I was very glad to see him. Father asked me in Japanese how I was, so I began to speak to him in my own tongue, but that was the only thing he could say and I was quite disappointed.

It was about eight o'clock when I got back to the station, where I had dinner. After saying my prayers in the waiting-room I went into the sleeper, which was to leave at eleven P. M. We arrived in San Francisco in the morning and I took the 5 P. M. train for Sacramento.

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Address: The Field Afar Office
Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.



THE Vénard lost one of its best friends in the death of Sister M. Stanislaus, of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who had been stationed at St. John's School, Pittston, Pa., for the past year. Sr. Stanislaus never lost an opportunity

to put in a good word for the Vénard and the cause which it represents, and this trait of hers was only in keeping with the rest of her zealous and kindly character.

We are a regular crowd this year—four priests, one deacon, one auxiliary and thirty-six students—and this right in the face of our friend H. C. L. But all that bragging about the Vénard farm last year was not without a whole lot of truth in it. Our cellar is stocked with quite a few vegetables, and the wolf that comes to our door will have to fight his way through a whole cellar full of provender before he can bother us. Of course, "not in bread alone does man live," and the treasurer is one who has reason to know it very well. That is why he feels like plunging in Bethlehem Steel every once in a while. But the fact is that God is very good to us and so are His people—so much so that we hardly ever get through thanksgiving long enough to turn to petition.

The new chapel is ready at last. We had the pleasure of celebrating Mass in it for the feast of All Saints, and now we feel right at home in this bright and attractive little room where Jesus dwells in the Sacrament of His love. To us it is a real beauty-spot, and we hope that the kind benefactors, through whose generosity it was made possible, will feel some of the satisfaction that we experience in thus being able to afford a habitation in some degree worthy of Him Who dwells there.

Our good friends of Scranton, Wilkes-barre, Carbondale, Olyphant, Minooka and other places in the valley have the brand of generosity that wears well—a fact which is more than encouraging to us, because we are in this business for keeps.

The latest evidence of their kindness has taken the practically helpful form of sewing bees. In groups these good friends make trips to the school, and spend a day here taking many a stitch in time that will help to forestall the buying of new clothes.

Since Fr. Superior's farewell visit on his way to the Far East, China has been the talk of the hour, and it is an open secret that more than one Chinese manual is being diligently perused.

Three Vénard Auxiliaries,—the Vénard Centre Circle and the St. John's Circle of Scranton, and the Field Afar Society of Olyphant,—have begun the season's activities with gifts aggregating over a hundred dollars.

THE MISSIONARY HEN.

Adapted from a poem (not original) sent from Worcester, Mass.

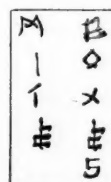
I know a thrifty little lad,
We call him Careful Ben,
Who has among his household pets
A missionary hen.

And oh; the way that hen can lay!
You'd really think she knew
That she was destined for such work
As mission hens can do.

We call her "Missionary Hen,"
But Ben calls her his "Queen,"
Because he sells the eggs she lays—
The funds go to Clark's Green.

This hen just had a brood of chicks,
I think 'twas nine or ten.
Ben sold them all, and thanked the
Lord—
And his missionary hen.

When his mitey box is filled again,
He's hoping "mitey" hard
To bring it down near Scranton town,
And enter the Vénard.



This is the season for installing a mite box in your home and keeping it there until Christmastide. Members of the family, young and old, and visitors as well, may

find occasion from time to time to express in a practical way their interest in our work. Our little messenger *does not ask the substance* of your offerings for charity—home, parochial, and diocesan needs claim that. It seeks only the crumbs that are left over, saved by some act of self-denial.

Children especially can be trained by the mite box to sacrifice their candy and the "movies" for the love of souls,—a fine lesson in this self-seeking and comfort-loving age.

Make the mite box at least as indispensable in your household as is the clock on your mantel; and remember that while the clock ticks off the seconds of time that will be no more, the mite box registers the acts that count for eternity.

"Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high: and look about towards the east and behold thy children gathered together from the rising to the setting sun, by the word of the Holy One rejoicing in the remembrance of God."
—Bar. vi. 5.



PREPAREDNESS AT THE VÉNARD.

The Harvest.



RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Altar linens; vestments; old clothing; books; thread; groceries; towels; tobacco. Cancelled stamps, tinfoil, etc., from D. C.; Mass.; Pa.; La.; Ky.; N. Y.; N. J.; Conn.; Fla.; R. I.; Md.; N. H.; Calif.; Nova Scotia; Anon. Old gold, jewelry, etc., from N. Y.; N. H.; Neb.; Mass.; Cuba; Canada.

This friend from Connecticut points out an excellent way of helping "the boys" at the front:

Enclosed find two dollars, for which please say two Masses for my three brothers who are all at the seat of war.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$14.50	9
Connecticut	86.25	168
District of Columbia	15.50	2
Illinois	31.00	3
Indiana		1
Iowa		5
Louisiana	4.00	
Maine		3
Maryland	5.05	14
Massachusetts	728.29	80
Michigan	3.00	
Minnesota	101.00	1
Missouri	4.00	4
Montana	2.00	
New Hampshire	304.00	1
New Jersey	157.00	9
New York	785.57	112
Ohio	45.67	2
Pennsylvania	233.03	32
Rhode Island	54.69	15
Texas	1.00	
Washington	1.00	1
West Virginia		1
Wisconsin	10.00	1

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Canada	\$1.25	5
England	1.00	
Philippine Islands	2.00	

Total of New Subscribers 469

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1917, 1,129,274 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,870,726 "

With an offering from the Jersey side came these words:

We are proud of the fact that Jersey City is represented at your Seminary, particularly in its infancy, and we regret that we cannot do more to help your work.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1917, 2,698,847 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,751,153 "
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

It was on its way for some time, but it knew where it was going, and it reached us at last with this message:

Enclosed you will find ten dollars for St. Patrick's Burse. It gives me great pleasure to be able to send it. I am rather late about it but I never forget St. Patrick. (Lynn, Mass.)

Touching is the faith shown in these words, and we ask our readers to pray that it may speedily receive its reward:

For this dollar please enroll my husband, who is dead, and myself as Associate Members for one year. I hope to be heard by the good Lord, as I am now without home or position. I trust in His infinite goodness.

From a Machine Gun Company in a southern camp comes this request for prayers, which we feel sure our readers will be glad to give:

I hope you will pardon me for not attending to my duty sooner. I wish you all success and ask the benefit of your prayers, for I shall need them when I am in the war.

Suffering rightly accepted begets sweetness of soul and a compassionate sympathy for those yet more miserable. This is instanced by the contribution recently received from the lepers of Tracardi, New Brunswick. The Sister in charge writes:

I have made a little collection among our dear lepers for your best of all good works. They wish this dollar to go to the Holy Ghost Burse. Oh, that we were in a position to do much more for your noble work!

Would you like to have a beautiful statue of Blessed Théophane Vénard in your class-room?

One will be sent to you for 15 new Subscriptions to The Field Afar. Or if you prefer to buy it, we have the statue (in ivory or bronze finish) for three dollars.

An army chaplain in the Philippines sends this suggestive account with a gift he was requested to forward to Maryknoll:

Enclosed is twenty-five dollars, sent to you by some of the army men and women of this post.

Zealous Catholic people in the States have been sending me their religious books, pamphlets, magazines and papers. Occasionally THE FIELD AFAR is among the others. Hence this contribution. Also, there are signs of more coming your way.

You might ask your readers to send me Catholic literature for my men.

God prosper your good work. (Corregidor, P. I.)

A Capuchin reader writes:

Was much pleased with the note: "The F. A. is more anxious to spread its publications than to profit by them directly." This is to the point—we must bring its cause into the highways and byways. Pittsburgh is already anxious for mission work, as proved on another page of the last issue. Now by my efforts THE FIELD AFAR will be gladly received by the local Library branch. Our district here is predominantly Catholic, and hence I believe much good may be done for the cause.

If there are any charges refer them not to the Library,—which does not pay for religious papers but accepts them when offered gratis,—but to our good pastor of St. Augustine's, Rev. Fr. Agatho, O.M.Cap. Any other help I can give in making the work known, or in putting before the public any books or literature, will be gladly given.

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MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000.
Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse....	5,000.

SPECIAL FUNDS:

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,471.76
Anonymous Catechist Fund....	1,100.00
Bread Fund.....	556.98
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

Our book-keeper and recorders try hard to keep things straight, but accidents will happen, and the following letter from a priest-victim reveals the kindly indulgent spirit with which they are received by most of our readers:

I was greatly amazed to receive your letter, stating that the late Fr. S. owed you a year's subscription for ten copies of your interesting magazine. I am happy to say that, although late in sending you enclosed check, I am still quite alive! I wonder where you got the news of my death? Did you have a Requiem for the repose of my soul?

With best wishes for the work, I am as ever,

Your somewhat late,

Fr. S.

We slipped up on the Requiem, Father, but we were tempted to offer a Mass of thanksgiving that you did not sue us for libel.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

Most attractive little *Book Marks* have come from the *Society of the Divine Word*, Techny, Illinois. The set consists of twelve cards, illustrated and bearing information on mission subjects, and sells for the very reasonable price of five cents.

*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

Your Interest and Ours.

ANNUITIES are composed of a principal and interest. You invest your money in Maryknoll, we invest it in golden eggs, and you get the interest during your lifetime. It is to your interest to give us the principal, and it is our principle to give you the interest with regularity and exactness. At your death we devote both principal and interest to whatever use you may specify—burses, funds, and so forth.

In the past month three insurance policies have been transferred to us—two of \$1,000 each and one of \$5,000. Another friend had given two insurance policies and an annuity of \$3,000—besides another and greater proof of his devotion to our cause. Later these gifts will all emerge from their chrysalis state as policies and become beautiful butterflies of assets for carrying on God's work among the pagans.

WE ask of your charity a remembrance in prayer for the following:

Rev. D. W. Hearn,	Catherine Murphy
S. J.	Cornelius McCarthy
Leo Perry	Francis Kenyon
Edward Marrell	Michael Kelliher
Mrs. K. Burns	John Tully
Thomas Conlon	Katherine O'Donnell
George Hew	Ralph Fogarty
Mrs. C. Maitland	Jerome Tobin
James Nelson	Julia Tobin
Mrs. Carr	William Tobin
Bernard Carr	George Tobin
Katherine Berry	Sarah Tobin
Somes Doyle	Emma Crane
William Ryan	Mrs. Reynolds
Mrs. A. Burke	Sr. Josephine
Henry Alexander	Mrs. A. Dougherty
Sr. M. Angela	

To a New Rochelle boy belongs the distinction of being the first Maryknoll *Router* to enter the Vénard. This boy was an earnest worker for THE FIELD AFAR, yet the time he gave to thirty-odd customers did not prevent him from winning for himself an enviable rank at the Catholic school which he attended.

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Dictionary; pictures; baseball gloves; clothing; fruit; tinfoil and cancelled stamps; records; old clothing; bread, ham, ice-cream, cake.

Thanksgiving.

TO return to give glory to God in thanksgiving for His mercies is a Christian obligation. More than one of our readers have found a donation to Maryknoll a good means of fulfilling that obligation.

Here is \$1 in honor of the Blessed Virgin, in thanksgiving for a great favor received.

I am enclosing \$2: one for the Immaculate Conception Burse, and one for a favor received. (N. Y. C.)

Enclosed find twenty-five dollars, which I promised Our Lord I'd give to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society if I obtained a position in the School this term.

Here is a small gift in thanksgiving for the recovery of our boy from appendicitis. Asking your blessing for the family, and wishing you success in your endeavors—

I promised an offering in return for a favor, and now that I have received it I am sending the money (I am sorry it is only the small sum of one dollar) to Maryknoll.

In thanksgiving for a favor received I am sending you this dollar for the Precious Blood Burse. You will hear from me often, for when I want something I promise Our Lady an offering for Maryknoll—and lo, the favor is forthcoming at once! The donations will be small but I hope to make them frequently. (N. J.)

As a thanksgiving for a favor received, I am enclosing \$1 for Maryknoll mission work. I read the Maryknoll notes in the *Providence Visitor* every week and thought it would be nice to give my thanksgiving that way. I am not sorry, for my favor was granted far better than I ever hoped for. I wish you every success and hope that I may be able to send you some more thanksgivings.

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.



MARYKNOLL CIRCLES.

IN past years much moral and material encouragement has come to Maryknoll from the Women's Auxiliary of New York. We have just been advised that it has again assembled for the winter session, the first meeting taking place this month.

The Auxiliary counts both active and associate members. The active members attend the meetings regularly, in addition to paying the dues—a cent a day—and making the spiritual offering. Associate members pay the dues and say the prayers, but do not attend the meetings. It is hoped that many whose home or social obligations prevent personal attendance will take advantage of this opportunity to add their mite of alms, spiritual and material, to this great work for souls.

The funds realized are applied to the personal expenses—books, clothing, and so forth—of one or more students at Maryknoll.

Similar Auxiliaries doing efficient work have been established in Philadelphia and San Francisco. The revenues of the last-named organization will be applied to the maintenance of the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco.



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

THE first general meeting of the members of the *Maria Mission Circles* of Pittsburgh was held Sunday afternoon, September 30th, in Synod Hall of that city. The event was pleasurable, in that it accorded opportunity for the various *Circles* to become acquainted.

The season's work for the Christmas Gift for the Christ Child was launched at this meeting. The little red stockings which the *Circle* members had made during the summer were brought to this meeting, and definite plans were made for distributing them.

Also, an urgent appeal was presented that the members and friends cooperate in extending this Christmas work as widely as possible this year. The interest manifested promises success.

Rev. Fr. Agatho, of St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburgh, translator of the excellent work, *The Most Vital Mission Problem of the Day*, addressed the meeting, giving generous praise for the work already accomplished by the *Maria Circles* and setting forth the present great need of continued and increased activity.

This meeting emphasized again the oft-spoken need, that our American Catholics be brought in touch, by lecture and by reading, with the missions and their necessities, since our people have the good-will and the ability to save the missions but are not awake to the need.

You who have read the above and are interested but have not yet become an active worker, won't you grasp your opportunity now? Start a *Maria Circle* this month. This is not a time for idle dreams of what could be done or what should be done: this is a time for doing.

Have you made and distributed ten of the little red stockings for the Christmas Gift to the Christ Child? Ten are not many, but if each of our readers distributes ten among those who will give it will make a goodly number of friends for the lonely little Boy of Bethlehem on Christmas morning.

A *Maria Circle* with a special appeal to all Maryknoll hearts is the *Mary Xavier Circle*, of Westfield, Mass. Named for our first Teresian, and formed in her home town, this *Circle* has made progress since its organization in the spring. The members have so far devoted their energies to the filling of mite-boxes, the collecting of cancelled stamps and tinfoil, and—best of all—the spreading of the knowledge of and love for the work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.

World-wide hearts are many in Westfield, evidently. From that town another *Circle* has sent this welcome request:

Please extend a hand of welcome to the St. Patrick *Circle*. Perhaps you may know that this was the first "F. A." *Circle* in the country—a proud distinction if it were backed up by a better measure of success.

When the call for *Maria Mission Circles* came we decided to enroll ourselves under the patronage of that greatest of all foreign missionaries, St. Patrick, and work, although only in a small way, towards sending out future missionaries to foreign lands. Hence all our contributions are to go to St. Patrick's Burse.

The *Joan of Arc Circle*, of Bridgeport, Conn., is one of our most faithful and generous groups of workers. With a recent substantial offering for monthly dues, comes this modest apology:

Dear Director, we shall have to make up with prayers, for some of the members are going through trying times.

The secretary reports that this *Circle* has adopted the sensible and Catholic resolution to give all funeral flower money to the missions, as Mass offerings for the departed soul. An initial offering was enclosed for a friend who has recently died. This included her enrollment as an Associate Member in our Society for one year.

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year two thousand dollars, enough to provide for eight students. We are believers in the 'little-from-the-many' idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

A Casket of Joys, by Rev. J. T. Durward, was inspired by Bishop von Keppler's work, *More Joy*. It would have more joy in our lives, but it points out the uselessness of seeking joy where the world looks for it.

This little book of fifty pages, attractively printed with paper cover, is designed to take the place of elaborate and useless Christmas cards and booklets. It sells for the reasonable price of fifteen cents.

Orders sent to Maryknoll will benefit our work.

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—to maintain the Apostolic Mission House where priests are trained to give missions to your non-Catholic neighbors.

—to keep you and your household in touch with the work of conversion which is going on in America, and imbued with that missionary spirit which will bless a hundredfold every home into which it is infused.

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He won't be thankful till he gets *The Field Afar*, too.

The Field Afar A Globe Trotter.

THE FIELD AFAR is excellent.—*Bishop Casartelli, Salford, England.*

It is certainly a well-edited paper. Do not fail to exchange with us.—*Rev. Paulo Manna, M.A., Editor of "Le Missioni Cattoliche," Milan, Italy.*

It fell into my hands by mere chance, but I consider it a gift of Divine Providence.—*Sister Angelique, Amsterdam, Holland.*

I am most interested in THE FIELD AFAR. Our dear Japan will doubtless profit by the interest Catholics of America are taking in the missions.—*Rev. C. Jacquet, Sendai, Japan.*

May your beautiful work as shown in THE FIELD AFAR grow ever more prosperous.—*Rev. A. M. Clauser, Yule Island, Papua, Oceania.*

I have derived great pleasure from reading it. I wish the dear little paper a long life of useful work.—*Bishop Gramigna, Allahabad, India.*

May THE FIELD AFAR be largely instrumental in cultivating the missionary field, far and wide, to the greater glory of God and as a lasting honor to the Catholics of America.—*A. Hopfgartner, Sibiu, Borneo.*

It manifests a completely new spirit and is an object-lesson for the whole English-speaking world. God knows it was badly wanting.—*Rev. H. Browne, S.J., University College, Dublin, Ireland.*

It is most admirably conducted; the material and form are equally admirable. It has a variety and life which our old countries in Europe have not yet known how to catch.—*Bishop Mutel, Seoul, Korea.*

It is destined to promote a great and noble purpose, the work of building up Christ in souls. The work to be performed here is immense and only awaits missionary laborers and assistance, spiritual and temporal, from those to whom the Faith has been preached for centuries. THE FIELD AFAR deserves every encouragement and I shall recommend it to all our Catholics.—*M. Kennelly, S.J., Shanghai, China.*

Premiums for the Field Afar.

These premiums will be sent gladly, but only when requested.

For every new subscription,
A Maryknoll Pin.

For every renewal (1917),
A Maryknoll Pin.

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One hundred Prayer Prints.

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these books:

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Field Afar Tales

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An index-finger pointing at this
paragraph is the signal that your sub-
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